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Mark Question, Man of Many Queries



mystery **action** **thriller**



Chapter 1 by intellikat

Mr. David Question and his wife Millie Jean bring home their new baby on a brisk April night. There is a spray of light acid rain in the air as they roll the glass bassinet toward the tube that leads to their home and descend into the gloom yet protection that it affords.

Mr. Question turns to his wife and says, "We shall name him Mark. Mark Question."

And she nods in assent.

The lights crackle on in the nukeproof abode, and the Questions remove their suits and boots and move the bassinet to the room already prepared. They look down upon the child lovingly, then turn to the kitchen to find what the nutrimat might dispense for their hungry bellies.

And in that moment when they have gone, little Mark Question raises a tiny fist and draws what appears a tiny curved squiggle in the air. Behind his finger trails what appears a green, glowing line in the dark of the room, and this is the first indication (though not witnessed by either of his parents) that tiny Mark is indeed quite special.

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Millie Jean carries Mark into the nursery they had readied for him. She lay him down in the crib and left him there. When she was gone, Mark drew many more of the symbol that he had drawn in the air, until there were about twenty of them hanging over his head.

Chapter 3 by Firenze



"I left my phone in Mark's room." Millie excused herself from the kitchen table, where both she and David were sharing a quaint dinner for two. A piece of steak, served with a side of mashed potatoes and corn decorated the white blue-rimmed plates.

Millie returned to the nursery, glass of water in hand, thirsty from the long ride home. She took a sip of the ice-cool water and turned the knob to Mark's room.

Glass shattered.

"David!" she cried.

Her husband came running at the sound of her panic, only to find his wife stopped at the door of their child's room and pile of glass at her feet. Her hand hadn't moved from where she held the glass cup only seconds before. Her eyes were fixed on a scene out of his line of sight. The same hand slowly rose from its fixed position, pointing at something in the room.

David took to Millie's side.

His eyes went wide, almost sad, but certainly surprised. Where David was quiet, Millie voiced her worries.

"It's too early, he shouldn't be able to... not yet. He's just a child—a baby. David what do we do? Oh God... what do we do, what do we do?" Millie babbled between sobs, turning into David's shoulder.

"Millie, it's okay. Look at me," he held her by the shoulders at arms length, and gently lifted her chin. "It's going to be okay." He sounded so sure, and remained almost at perfect ease. Millie

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We tell no one of this! I
had the family Mark O'Leary

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And as if on cue, the baby cried.

The child's tiny fit for food and interval kicks at the air brought Millie back to her senses. The pack of curved swivels, which vaguely resembled question marks although distorted, slowly began to fade away.

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